THE

WEEKLY REVIEW,

AND

DRAMATIC CRITIC.

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"Comic Medley"—(*concluded.*)—"The Weather"—"Clara Cline and de Busy Bee ob Boston"—"The Yaller Busha Belle"—"Positives and Comparatives"—"Original Medley"—(*to be continued.*)

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Green Room Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Nov. 29.

MY DEAR SIR,—Theatricals at this season of the year in London are "flat, stale, and unprofitable," but what news I have is at your service.

This is Jullien's last week but one previous to his departure for Yankee land, and as a matter of course the business is very great, many parties securing seats three days previously. The houses at the Olympic very badly attended, as also at the Lyceum and Strand.

Bartley is at present taking his farewell of the stage at the Princess's to decent houses. Wright was left out of the bills one night last week, which must be a clear proof he is not the great favourite there he was at the Adelphi. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" displayed the inimitable acting of Bartley as Sir John Falstaff, ably assisted by Messrs C. Kean, J. Vining, Ryder, Addison, Harley, H. Saker, Meadows, &c., Mrs C. Kean, Winstanley, Harley, &c.

The pantomimists are in full training for the forthcoming Christmas.

At the Surrey, we are to have—Bradbury, clown; Milano (formerly of the Adelphi, Edinburgh,) harlequin; Thugs, pantaloon; and Miss Cushnie, columbine.

Princess's—Huline, clown; Paulo, pantaloon; Cormack, harlequin; and Miss Carlotta Leclerq the columbine.

Drury Lane—S. Mathews, clown; Veroni, harlequin; Halford, pantaloon; and the celebrated Devani, the contortionist, sprite.

At Sadler's Wells, we have Nicolo Deulin and Wooler as clown and pantaloon, assisted by Signor Deani, as the sprite.

The Italian Brothers are at the Marylebone, drawing good houses. Smith, the manager of the above theatre, intends keeping open that and Drury Lane at the same time, intending his company to play at both theatres, some of them on the same night. Will they receive *double salary* for it! Ah! there's the rub!

'Whittington and his Cat" is to be the novelty at Christmas for the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

Time's up—more next week from

THE HUNGARIAN MALE INFANT.

We perceive that Mr Bartley's benefit is to take place on the 13th at the Princess's Theatre, in London, announced as the *fiftieth* anniversary of his first appearance in the metropolis. It is remarkable that, after half a century of the wear and tear of an actor's life, this gentleman finds himself possessing strength enough for the part of *Falstaff*. He retires in a "green old age" to enjoy, it is to be hoped, for many years to come, his well-earned savings, and the memory of successes, with all the many cherished associations which must hang about his career. Let some of our anti-teetotal actors, in Edinburgh, take warning in time, and follow his example.

WEEKLY REVIEW,

&c. &c.

No. 2.] FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1852. [Price 2d.

Edinburgh Amusements.

THEATRE ROYAL.

THE public, or, we should say, the playgoers of Edinburgh, owe a debt of gratitude to Messrs Rollison and Leslie for the most delightful enjoyment afforded them these two years, by the engagement of Miss Faucit; and deeply we regret that her stay has been so limited. The crowded houses on each night of her performance must have proved to the management, that if real talent is brought forward the public will patronise, and on this occasion there is but one opinion. It was a great disappointment that business prevented us from being present at this lady's benefit. Her Rosalind is acknowledged by all to be *perfect*. We earnestly hope, for the sake of the enterprising managers, and our own gratification, that it will not be long before she pays us another visit.

There is a short notice of the Edinburgh theatricals in the *Era* newspaper of last Sunday, from which, for the benefit of our *Mawworms*, we extract the following:—"There are a bigotted set of Free Church people here, who take a pleasure in denouncing the theatre. Most liberal, enlightened, charitable race! They would deprive the actor of his living, take away his stipend, and run him out upon the bleak world a new searcher after life; but to adopt the divine precept, 'Do unto others,' &c., let these foolish fanatics be deprived of *their* income, *their* means, *their* profession, and then see the saint-like look, hear the howl, the yell, the begging of the world, to take them in again! Let these mistaken people patronise the drama, and we can promise them a few more smiles upon their vinegar countenances, while at the sametime they might improve their minds, and make home the happier."

The life of a manager is not one of ease and indolence: he must be ever on the look-out for novelties. Miss Faucit left us on Saturday, and on Monday we had the celebrated Josh. Silsbee, a first-rate delineator of Yankee eccentricity; Miss St Casse, a talented and interesting child, only eleven years of age, who sings with wonderful taste and precision, and Herr Youngmans, who possesses a very fine voice, and whose rapidity of utterance in the celebrated song from the Barber of Seville, "Largo al factotum," amply compensated in effect for the words not being understood by nine-tenths of the audience.

On Wednesday evening was produced, for the first time in this city, the American drama of *Sam Slick, the Clockmaker*. There is nothing particularly striking or novel either in the words or plot—the chief, and almost the only effective character (if we except *Conscience*, by Miss Arden), is *Sam Slick*, by Mr Josh. Silsbee; but we much fear that more than two-thirds of what he says is lost to the galleries, from

his rapid manner of speaking, and strangeness of dialect to a Scottish ear. His "first speech to Congress" kept the audience in a roar of laughter, and was loudly applauded. He was called before the curtain at the end of the piece. Miss St Casse sung her songs of "Up to the Forest," and "Annie Laurie," with much sweetness, and was encored in both. Herr Youngmans was also encored in "Largo al factotum," but sang a different song the second time. The Misses Newton danced a pas de deux very prettily.

Thursday.—*Sam Slick* was repeated this evening, with increased success; altogether, it went more smoothly than on its first representation. Mr Bruce Norton filled the part of *Will Steadman* admirably. Mr Villiers is too tame in *Walter*; he should recollect, that although Walter is a short part, still he bears an interest with the audience from the commencement of the piece.

Miss St Casse was again loudly encored in the song of "Annie Laurie," and in the bravura of the "Soldier tired." Her execution of the difficult passages was truly astonishing for so young a child. Still, we must express our conviction that it is wrong, very wrong, in parents and guardians of such infantine prodigies, for the sake of a few pounds, engaging them to sing in a theatre nightly, thereby injuring their health, and straining their voices, before they are properly set; while, on the other hand, a few years patient study and practice, under the care of a judicious master, might be the means of their arriving at the highest distinction. We have seen too many instances of this error.

Herr Youngmans was encored in the "Kissing Song;" his voice is magnificent.

The *Yankee Pedlar* followed it; it is a most laughable affair. *Hiram Dodge*, by Mr Josh. Silsbee, is the life and soul of the piece; but we must also acknowledge that he was ably supported by Mr W. Cooper and the remainder of the dramatis personæ.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, Nov. 26.—The Stranger—La Bouquetiere—Box and Cox.
Saturday, Nov. 27.—As You Like It—Box and Cox.
Monday, Nov. 29.—The Forest Rose—A Musical Intermezzio—A Wife for a Day.
Tuesday, Nov. 30.—The Forest Rose—A Musical Intermezzio—A Wife for a Day—Betsy Baker.
Wednesday, Dec. 1.—Sam Slick the Clockmaker—A Musical Intermezzio—Delicate Ground—The Unfinished Gentleman.
Thursday, Dec. 2.—Sam Slick the Clockmaker—A Musical Intermezzio The Yankee Pedlar—La Bouquetiere.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Auber's opera of "The Crown Diamonds" was produced on Saturday evening. The audience was one of the most crowded and fashionable that has been witnessed within the walls of the theatre this season. The opera was a novelty, and is certainly one of the best hitherto performed by the company, although there seems a want

of effect, or explicitness at the denouement. We, however, most cordially concur in the eulogium of the *Courant*, whose opinion in theaticals was wont to be regarded as critically sound :—" Miss Louisa Pyne achieved, in the leading part, her greatest triumph, both her acting and her singing being worthy of the highest panegyric. Her artless and prepossessing manner early won her golden opinions; but her remarkable facility of execution and purity of vocalisation have perhaps been the most fully displayed in this opera. The rondo in the second act, and Rode's variations towards the conclusion of the opera, eclipsed all her former efforts, eliciting constant peals of applause. Her power of swelling and diminishing her voice, while executing the most difficult movements, with her perfect intonation, excited breathless admiration, showing as it did the highest artistic cultivation. The concluding scene, where she is enthroned in state, was, from her remarkable likeness to her Majesty, extremely successful; and, on her appearing before the curtain, she was rewarded with bouquets and enthusiastic plaudits. Mr Harrison, Miss Pyne, and Signor Borrani also exerted themselves with great effect. The orchestra accompaniments were excellent, and the chorus showed considerable improvement." The duet, " In the deep ravine," by the Misses Pyne, our contemporary might have remarked, was greatly applauded by the audience. The likeness of Miss Louisa Pyne to our good Queen Victoria was pointed out by us in our last, having been struck by it the first night of her appearance here, but the resemblance became doubly apparent in the scene described by the *Courant*. The piece was repeated to a well-filled house on Monday night.

" La Sonnambula " was repeated on Tuesday night, when we had the satisfaction of hearing the grand scena and cavanta formerly omitted by Mr Harrison. He was in excellent voice, and certainly delighted the audience. In " Still so gently o'er me stealing " he was rapturously encored.

After the opera a new farce was performed by the Adelphi company, called " The Captain is not a-Miss!" It is laughable enough so far as it goes, but it is meagre in incident, and pointless in effect. Its leading feature was the acting of Miss Page and Miss Parker, the lady and lady's maid, disguised respectively as a military officer and his servant. They swaggered about with amazing nonchalance; but the piece was deficient in scope to give them pair play. Mr Webb and Mr Mungall were highly amusing so far as they went.

Wednesday Mr Harrison took his benefit, making choice of " The Barber of Seville," and " The Queen of a Day," as the bill of fare. The selection might have been better, in so far as his own peculiar talent is concerned, but they both went off well, and received the hearty applause of the house. The opera of " A Queen of a Day " bears the same plot as a drama, written by Mr Ebsworth of this city, produced by Mr Murray about two years ago, under the title of " A Royal Visit ":—*Franchine*, the milliner, Miss Frankland; *Josephine*, Miss Vivash; *Lady Pembroke*, Miss Nicol; *Count D'Alvar*; Mr T. King; *Marcel*, a sailor, Mr Wyndham; *Tim Turnbull*, Mr Cooper. As to general effect we prefer the drama to the opera, the music being nothing more than an interruption to the business of the various

scenes. The drama was also played under the late Mr Pritchard's management at York, Hull, Leeds, &c., by the title of "The Queen."

Last night "Guy Mannering," was performed, the opera party appearing for the first time here in a national drama. As *Lucy Bertram*, Miss Pyne sung "Auld Robin Gray," and "Oh slumber, my darling," with much sweetness and feeling; and Miss Louisa Pyne, as *Julia Maxnering*, gave "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and "Bonnie Dundee," in a style of excellence seldom if ever listened to. She was rapturously encored. Mr Harrison enacted *Henry Bertram*, and, besides taking part in two duets, sung "Be mine, dear maid," "The Thorn," and "My Love is like the red, red rose," with great effect, being loudly encored in each. The richness and compass of this gentleman's voice appear to great advantage in the execution of such melodies as these. Signor Borrani, as *Gabriel*, gave "The Wolf," and "The Happy Muleteer," with all the fervour of his deep bass voice, and the chastened purity of style for which he is distinguished. Fresh from witnessing the various performances of the brilliant opera party now reflecting lustre on the management of the Adelphi, we cannot help thinking that the drama is superior to the opera. In such pieces as "Guy Mannering," the music rises naturally out of the circumstances, and tells with far more effect than where the business of the stage is made so many pegs to hang a song upon, and where the ear is distracted by an often incongruous though brilliant production of sounds. The "Beggar's Opera," which concluded the entertainment, is perhaps as much an exception to these remarks as any opera can be. Mr Harrison as *Captain Macheath*, and Miss Louisa Pyne as *Polly*, were admirably supported by the rest of the performers, and the piece was received with all the applause to which it was entitled.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, Nov. 26.—Maritana—The Green Hills of the Far West.
Saturday, Nov. 27.—The Crown Diamonds——The Green Hills of the Far West.
Monday, Nov. 29.—The Crown Diamonds—Lottery Ticket—Hurry Skurry.
Tuesday, Nov. 30.—La Sonnambula—Captain is not a-Miss—Family Jars.
Wednesday, Dec. 1.—The Barber of Seville—The Queen of a Day.
Thursday, Dec. 2.—Guy Mannering—The Beggar's Opera.

GLASGOW THEATRICALS.

Glasgow, December 2, 1852.

"The Man of the World" on Monday, the veteran Mackay as *Sir Pertinax;* Mrs Glover as *Lady Rodolpho;* and Mr Wyndham as *Egerton.* House good, and all went well. Mr Wyndham, in "The Last Legs," was very amusing. Tuesday, Mr Davenport's benefit: "Honey Moon," with Mrs Glover, Mr Glover, and Mr Davenport as *Juliana, Duke,* and *Rolando,* and your established favourite, Miss Fanny Vin-

ing, as *Zamora*. The piece went gloriously, and all the above named were called for. Mr Davenport returned thanks in a neat speech, which seemed to please them quite as much as the play, and he retired amidst thunders of applause. Mackay, in "Cramond Brig," was well received, and the whole closed with "The Anchor of Hope," Mr Davenport throwing his whole nautical skill into the jolly boatswain, *Tom Topreef*. House a bumper. On Wednesday Miss Rebecca Isaacs appeared in *Madge Wildfire* and *Kate O'Brien*, to a fine house. She is a delightful singer, and a charming actress. Thursday, "Rob Roy," and "Midas," *Diana* and *Apollo*, Miss Isaacs.

Friday is to be Mr Mackay's farewell benefit: "Rights of Woman," in which Mrs Glover will appear with Mackay. "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady," for Miss Fanny Vining and Mr Davenport, who remain for this night only; and "Kate Kearney" for Miss Isaacs. A crammer may be expected. Miss Fanny Vining and Mr Davenport re-appear on their favourite ground, the Adelphi, on Tuesday, 7th December.

Miss Clifton, now of the Royal here, joins Drury Lane at Christmas. Marshall opens the Queen's Theatre, here, shortly. The opera company from Edinburgh follow next week. VERITAS.

A COUNTRY ACTRESS.

MANY persons imagine that the lives of actors and actresses are spent in indolence and ease. Let them read the following sketch—

In the country, pieces seldom enjoy what actors call a "run;" they are different almost every night, and the study and rehearsals are indescribably severe. Scarcely any living being works so hard, and is so ill paid, as a country actor or actress. As a specimen of my labours at this time—which were only on an average with those of my fellow-slaves—I will describe them from ten o'clock on one day until the same hour upon the next. Rehearsal of the play is called at ten, and that of the farce and interlude at twelve and one; altogether, they last till four; then, tired and bewildered, you walk home—happy for you if it is near. Dinner, four days out of the six, is out of the question; but if your landlady is good-natured and considerate, you may have a cup of tea before your return to the theatre. Immediately upon your arrival at home, your work divides itself into two parts—getting your dresses ready for the night (this, if you play in every piece, which is more than likely, of itself is no light toil), and trying to learn as much of your parts as you can. The latter you do while you drink your tea, and at the same time transfer the black stripes from the orange petticoat you wore last night to the red one you wear to-day, a combination of employments achieved by resting your "part" against the teapot. The performance commences at seven o'clock, and at half-past six, with your dresses half-trimmed, and your brain wholly confused, you return to the theatre, where you dress hurriedly, and get into a quiet corner to obtain, if possible, some knowledge of the speeches you have to deliver. Between the acts, and at every odd moment, you do the same, thus learning, as it were, scene by scene as you want it. At twelve

the curtain falls for the night, and before leaving the theatre you run into the green room to see the "call" for the next day, from which you probably learn that two pieces you have never seen (although both are stock favourites) are to be played, and that you are cast for parts in both. If you have no books of the pieces, you waste a quarter of an hour in finding the prompter, and coaxing him to lend you some, which he does, with a strict injunction either to return them to him at rehearsal next day, or to send them on to the walking gentleman, who, like yourself, has five or six unprofitable lengths in each. Home you go, faint and weary, longing for rest, although you know that it is impossible to obtain it yet. Upon the table stands your meagre supper, and, if you are not too tired, you cut something from dish and loaf, pour out and swallow a glass of water, push your hair back to cool and lighten your throbbing head, and then sit down with paper and pen to copy your part for the next night. As you write you feel the greatest difficulty in keeping your eyes open, they ache and burn so; but you know from experience that it would be unsafe to leave anything for the morning, and although you might, from habit, copy while half asleep, yet you dare not indulge so far, since, by writing attentively, you have a better chance of impressing the words upon your mind. Many, many times before the task is done you lay down the pen, and covering your burning eyes with feverish hands, shield them a few moments from the light; but rest is impossible until the work is done, and knowing that, you bend down again to the paper, and write on. At last, as the town clock strikes three, you creep warily up stairs to bed, where you fall into a restless sleep until half-past eight, when you get up, eat a wretched breakfast, and prepare to repeat again the routine of yesterday's work. And for all this, "walking ladies" receive munificent salaries, varying from eighteen shillings to two pounds a week, with the occasional privilege of "ticket," or benefit nights—doubtful goods both, the last especially—since, in most cases, the only person really benefitted is the manager. Unattractive and laborious as this life may seem, my sketch of it is correct and unexaggerated, being rather under than overdrawn.—*Florence Sackville, by Mrs Bunbury.*

The Tyrolese Singers.—On Monday night the Queen Street Hall was filled with a crowded audience to witness the performances of the Tyrolese Singers. The party consists of five persons—Mlle. Maghreiter (soprano), and Simon Holaus, Veit Rahm, Ludwig Rainer, and Klier (tenors and basses)—whose voices blend harmoniously together, and produce a very pleasing and successful whole. The numerous and varied pieces executed in the course of the evening, were all performed with animation and effect. The performances have been repeated during the week.

☞ We perceive that Miss Louisa Pyne takes her benefit in the Adelphi to-morrow evening, and Mr Powrie on Monday; on which evening also Miss Fanny Bennett takes her benefit in the Royal. We wish them all success.

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